for ſweet *Iacke* Falſtaffe, kind *Iacke* Falſtaffe, true *Iacke* Falſtffe, valiant *Iacke* Falſtaffe, and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Iacke* Falſtaffe, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company; baniſh plumpe *Iacke*, and baniſh all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Shriefe, with a moſt monſtrous Watch is at the doore.

Falſ. Out you rogue. play out the play. I have much to ſay in the behalfe of that Falſtaffe.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſ. O Jeſu, my Lord, my Lord!

Falſ. Heigh, heigh, the Divell rides upon a Fiddle-ſticke, what's the matter?

Hoſ. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Falſ. Doſt thou heare, *Hall*? never call a true piece of Gold, a Counterfeit, thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prin. And thou art a naturall Coward, without inſtinct.

Falſ. I deny your Major; if you will deny the Sherife, ſo, if not let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up: I hope I ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a Halter as another.

Prin. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke up above. Now my Maſters; for a true Face and good Conſcience.

Falſ. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore i'le hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now maſter Sherife, what is your wil with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men unto this houſe.

Prin. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I do aſſure you, is not heere,
For I my ſelfe at this time have employed him:

And

And Sherife, I will ingage my word t
That I will by to morrow dinner tim
Send him to anſwere thee or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd with
And ſo let me intreate you leave the ho

Sher. I will, my Lord, there are two
Have in this robbery loſt 3000. Marke

Prin. It may be ſo: if he have rob'd t
He ſhall be anſwerable: and ſo farewe

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is good morrow, is

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I thinke it is

Prin. This oyly raſcall is knowne as
him forth.

Peto. *Falſtaffe*? faſt aſleepe behinde
like a horſe.

Prin. Harke how hard he fetches br

He ſearcheth his pockets, and findet

Prin. What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

Prin. Let's ſee what be they: read

Item a Capon
Item ſawce
Item Sacke, two gallons
Item Anchoves and Sacke after Supper
Item bread

O monſtrous, but one halfe peniworth
rable deale of Sacke! What there is elſe,
at more advantage, there let him ſleepe t
in the morning. We muſt all to the Wa
be honorable. I'le procure this fat rogu
I know his death will be a march of tw
ſhall be payed backe againe with advan
times in the morning, and ſo good mor

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Lord
Owen Glendower.

Mor. Theſe promiſes are faire, the, pa

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37